# EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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## GOOD LIVES.

WE intend to give in each number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY a biographical sketch or a column of history based upon real lives and actual events. Truth no less than fiction teaches lessons that are interesting as well as valuable; and it is important that we should know how much real goodness men have shown in their lives and characters. Bad people are more talked about, — every newspaper tells us of their doings, — but good people, the real saints in flesh and blood, are better worth knowing. Their history, too, is often as fascinating as the career of a criminal is supposed to be, and their good deeds show us that we can make our actions good. We may need to see evil in men's lives that we may learn to shun it. But it is better for us to associate in our reading, as well as in our daily living, with those to whom we can look up, — those whose virtues will inspire us to be like them.

In the present number Mrs. Keene tells the story of Walter Scott, the "Great Enchanter."

As an example of noble doing and living, his life is valuable, showing how prosperity may be a blessing by generosity, and adversity may be conquered by industry and courage.

## "WALK IN THE LIGHT."

IN writing to the early Christians in Rome, Paul said, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand; therefore let us put off the works of darkness, and put on the whole armour of light." They, although followers of Christ, had many remnants of heathenism clinging to them. Can we say that we are free from everything of this kind? Are we living as becomes the children of light, and the freemen of Jesus? Who can say that he has put off *all* the works of darkness? We may be wishing and striving after righteousness, and perhaps we do not sin openly; but who can say that he never gives way to envy or jealousy, or that he never has uncharitable thoughts? And all these things are works of darkness. Walk in the light, and let your light shine, so that by your own life you do not bring discredit on the Christianity you profess.

We cannot read the Bible for five minutes without finding out that we are intended for a righteous life, — that is, a life right in the sight of God and man. — *Unitarian Herald.*

## HAPPY AND CONTENTED.

WHAT a picture of content is this! I can almost fancy I hear Pussy's soft purring when I look at it. Folded close in her little mistress's arms she certainly has a very comfortable position and ought to be happy. But you and I have seen cats, and kittens too, who would n't be comfortable when they could. I am afraid I shall have to say I have seen such people too, — people who were never satisfied, no matter what happened, and so, of course, were never happy. What a disagreeable disposition to have! How much better to go through life with a smile on the face, — to be like the shepherd, who, when asked what the weather would be, replied, "What weather pleaseth me;" and explained that by saying, "Sir, it shall be what weather pleaseth God, and what weather pleaseth God pleaseth me." That is a contented disposition. Let us all try to cultivate it.

## A LITTLE SERMON.

BY MRS. L. KEENE.

BE sweet, little maiden,
As Springtime is sweet,
With fields flower-laden
And honey bees fleet;
With soft showers falling
On garden and lea,
And balmy winds calling
To you and to me.
Keep Spring in your heart, dear,
All the long year.

And sing, my own girlie,
As glad Summer sings,
From dim morning early
Till day folds her wings, —
In brook-song, and bird-song,
And songs of the breeze,
With the soft-singing throng
In grass and in trees.
Oh, sing in your heart, dear,
All the long year!

Sweet Autumn stands smiling,
All kindly and fair,
In orchards up piling
Fruits rosy and rare;
Like queens, in days olden,
Bright banners she weaves,
Or bindeth the golden
And beautiful sheaves.
Smile, queen, in your heart, dear,
All the long year.

E'en Winter comes shining
From Northland sent down,
Bright jewels entwining
His mantle and crown;
And laying his fingers
On everything seen,
The tracery lingers
In silvery sheen.
Shine, shine for all hearts, dear,
All the long year!

FOUR bedquilts are ready to fold and spread
On Mother Earth's old trundle-bed:
The first, a brown and white old thing,
She puts on in the early spring.
The summer one is green and bright,
With daisies nodding left and right.
And then when winds begin to blow,
She spreads a red quilt on, you know.
She sews it through with yellow thread;
It makes an autumn-leaf bedspread.
And by and by, all in a night,
She spreads her quilt of snowy white.

— *Selected*

## Golden-Text Stories. — No. 2.

### "JUDGE NOT."

BY MRS. L. KEENE.

IT was Janey's first day at the "Seminary," — a day so long looked forward to. On her thirteenth birthday, a minister uncle chanced to be spending his vacation on the old farm which was her home; and when father and mother laid their little gifts in her lap, her uncle said, —

"I have a gift for you, too, Janey, but it is only for your mind's eye at present." Janey's quick soul understood without further notice that something good was coming. Leaning towards him, with glistening eyes and clasped hands, she was ready to take it. A queen's crown would not have surprised her! Uncle Frederic smiled down on the earnest little creature, saying, —

"My present is only a promise, dear." Her faith did n't falter: she knew whatever was coming would be "just lovely." "On your fifteenth birthday, if we all live so long, I will take you to Burr Seminary. Be good, now, and be ready."

So here she sat at last in the vine-shaded classroom, taking her lesson in French. Of the girls about her, two had attracted her especial attention. One was called "Julia;" and impulsive Janey was won to her at once: from her fair waving hair to her dainty boots she was handsome. Janey had poetry in her make-up, and here, for the first time, was a living poem before her eyes. Julia had smiled on her, too, sending her little telegraphic messages with her eyes. While Janey wove pleasant dreams of future friendship, she fell to wishing her one white gown had three tiny ruffles on the skirt, like Julia's, instead of its plain hem. Just then another pupil entered; almost timidly she sat down on the chair nearest the door. Julia did not smile on *her*, — indeed, she did n't even notice her. Janey wondered why. Was it because her hands were homely with housework, and her gown of old-fashioned blue-and-white gingham? She was sensitive on the last point; her own dress was gingham, but mamma's fingers were fairy fingers, and her dress was "sweet," — so Julia had whispered that very morning.

Day after day this pupil came alone, dropping quietly into her seat; and though her recitations were perfect, few of the girls made anything of her. "Sophie 's only a day scholar, — besides, she 's poor," one and another had said to Janey, when she, with beautiful country courtesy, would have spoken to her some of those kindly nothings which only girls know; till even Janey's usually kind tongue could say, "Oh, she don't amount to much!"

Weeks sped on. Julia and Janey were friends, as the latter had dreamed; but the little honest heart did *not* dream that the friendship depended upon the fact that Janey's uncle was a famous minister in the city near by, and that she was a bright scholar, so ready to give away what she knew.

The end of the term was now at hand. A costly French Testament had been offered for the best theme written in French. Janey had often written her mother little French notes, receiving similar ones in return, for her mother had known the language in her girlhood, and was pleased thus to refresh her memory. Relying somewhat on this practice, Janey secretly hoped for the dear little book, "for mother's sake," she said to herself, working at her task.

The afternoon before the themes were to be read, she sat carefully copying her own. Julia loitered by her side, caressing or coaxing her to hurry to the playground. "Don't be so fussy about the writing, Ducky, — why mine is n't half done yet! Come, come!"

"There," exclaimed faithful Janey at last, "I have done my very best; don't it look nice?" — smoothing it lovingly as she laid it into a book.

Early next morning Janey was at her desk for a last look at her theme, before giving it to the Professor. The book was in its place, but where was the pretty cream-colored envelope? Desk, books, pockets, every possible and impossible place was searched. Julia came late, with only time for a whispered "What is it?" to Janey's excited questioning. The bell rang. The themes were called for. Poor Janey tried to make known her loss to the Professor. Perhaps long teaching had made him hard; at any rate, he only replied impatiently, —

"No excuse, no excuse, Mademoiselle!"

At this moment Sophie handed in her folded paper, and slipped quietly away to her seat. "Oh, now *she* will get the Testament! I only feared her, — she is always perfect," thought Janey. "I 'd rather any one should take it from me." She was getting very naughty in her poor little heart.

The themes were read, one after another, by the Professor. Suddenly Janey gave a start; her cheeks were aflame; surely she was listening to her own composition! The title was different, names were changed, some of the sentences not hers; still it *was* hers, she was sure of it. Her eye turned with angry suspicion upon Sophie. "Yes, we met her coming into the hall last night; and there she sits, white and still as usual — dreadful girl!"

The reading ended. "Two of these papers are excellent," said the Professor; "Number Four pleases me especially." Here Sophie's pale cheek flushed. She too had a mother, whom she lived to please. "But," the Professor went on, "Number Fifteen has fewer mistakes; indeed it is remarkably well written. Number Fifteen will please step forward." To Janey's consternation, Julia rose, and took the precious book! Now pain was added to Janey's anger. "Julia do this!" she cried, and, girl as she was, there came over her such a revelation of deceit and what evil it could do that she shuddered in very fear.

The Principal of the school was told of Janey's loss. Julia at first was bold in her denials, but wrong-doing makes every one weak, and soon she broke down into loud weeping, and confessed that, being belated in her own writing, the temptation to get some hints from Janey's was so great that she stole from the playground, and just *borrowed* it for an hour. She had seen Sophie in the window, still bending over her task, and finding it impossible to compose her theme, this sinful thought flashed into her mind: "Janey hates Sophie, and has called her mean more than once; she will always believe she took it." So, in her eagerness for the prize, which at this late hour she could not get honestly, she let the temptation grow in her heart till she was overcome.

Janey's old noble nature now came to life again; that very night she stole down the lane to Sophie's home. And sitting there beside the mother's couch, she told the story, confessing the wrong feelings she had so long cherished. Turning towards her own room, she was the one to be filled with shame; for she had learned from the gentle mother that since her "papa's" death, Sophie had been mother to the little ones, nurse and housekeeper besides, — preparing herself at odd moments to enter the Seminary, where her tuition was a gift from the noble woman at its head.

Janey is a woman now, and if there is one human friend to whom she turns at all times with confidence and rest, it is Sophie.

### TENAH'S TEN DOLLARS.

BY MRS. ABBIE M. GANNETT.

JUST fourteen, and oh! what a lot of presents! My paints from papa, my bracelets and pin from mamma, 'Age of Fable' from Thody, bless him! a new dress, silk, from Aunt Hetty — who 'd have thought of that? — and last, but not least, my own ten dollars to myself. What a lucky girl I am!"

And Tenah executed two or three quick skips, — her habit when unusually pleased. Then she spread out her gifts, and proceeded to enjoy them separately. As she looked at her opened box of fine water-colors, certain pretty sketches took shape in her imagination. The bracelets and pin were made to show their effect before the mirror, likewise the dress, as she held it in shining folds there. The precious ten dollar-bills were again counted, and as her little fingers touched them, she felt that novelty of possession coming only with the first money earned by one 's self.

For Tenah had worked assiduously upon some Christmas cards of her own designing, for several weeks before the holidays, and had been rewarded for her patience by securing purchasers to the amount of ten dollars.

"And of course I shall buy my acme skates now, and my Odyssey," she said, as she comfortably settled herself in an easy-chair preparatory to enjoying a long hour with "Thody's gift."

Like many girls, Tenah had a great interest in those mythological tales of wonder, and her brother's gift was therefore most welcome. Her great desire had been, of late, to own a beautiful copy of the Odyssey, like one she had seen in a window of one of the city stores. Its price was five dollars, and although she had not dared hint her longing to her parents, she considered that now it was within her power of possession.

Let it not be thought Tenah was a book-worm. No one at play was gayer than she, and in that royal winter sport, skating, she was the merriest. Had she been required to give up one of the two purchases she now contemplated, it would certainly have been the Odyssey, — not the shining, nickel-plated "acmes," to take the place of the old "strapped" skates that "kept her feet so cold, you know."

Nothing but sure signs of a driving snow-storm prevented her from starting forth for that special store where acme skates, splendid ones, had been marked down to five dollars. Of course, next to this was to read in her new book. Naturally, she turned to the wanderings of Ulysses, and she was deep in the excitement of his voyage from the cave of Calypso, when her twelve-years-old brother Thody entered with more than his usual boisterousness of manner.

"I say, Tenah, there 's fun. The Griggses are at the door with their span, and if you won't be five minutes with your water-proof and things, you can go with us."

He was away; Tenah darted from the room almost as quickly.

"My skates and my book, after all!" so she thought, as she hurried to the storm-closet for her wraps.

"Five minutes" is a short time for even an eager girl to equip herself for encountering a regular northeastern, New England snow-storm. Tenah made every second tell, for she knew the impatient boys would give her no moment of grace.

But it was odd enough that when she came out of the closet in readiness for the jolly drive, her radiant face had lost a good share of its happy animation.

What could it mean? Well, to tell the truth and not be mysterious, she had heard part of a conversation between her mother and father who sat consulting together in an adjoining room, into which, as well as the hall, the closet opened.

Tenah heard enough to convince her of what she had half suspected before, — that her father was harassed in his business affairs, some debts that had become due giving him great uneasiness. She learned, too, what made her little heart throb troublesomely, that her birthday's gifts had been purchased at some sacrifice on her mother's part.

"Tenah will not be a child much longer," her mother had said, "and I do not want her to lose any of the joy that presents bring. It was much more agreeable to me to have her gifts bought, than to buy what, but for her birthday I should have thought was so much needed."

As Tenah went to the door, her hand sought nervously in her pocket for her porte-monnaie. Her precious ten dollars, the first money she had ever earned — why need she have other than comfortable thoughts about it?

But when once in the cutter and speeding away with the laughing boys, she forgot all this and was as merry as they.

"Why, Tom Griggs! we 've nearly forgotten Tenah's book and skates," cried Thody, as they were crossing Washington street on the homeward way. "Why did n't you speak, puss!"

"I'd almost forgotten, too," answered Tenah, with a funny tremble in her voice.

"No wonder, the ride 's been splendid."

Tom turned down the street, and, as soon as he could for the confusion and crowd, drove up before "Steele and Sparkle's" store.

"Be as quick as you can," admonished the boys; and Tenah promised she would, only they must let her stop long enough for a "good fit."

She looked at several pairs of skates, but somehow their beauty seemed to have departed.

"If Miss will only sit down, I can fit her in a moment," the clerk said politely.

But Miss's hesitation suddenly changed to decision.

"I will not buy to-day," she said, and went straight to the door.

"I do believe I am going to play the part of the goody-goody girl in the Sunday-school books!" She flung this thought at herself sarcastically as she shut the door with a bang.

"Why, where are the skates?" demanded Thode.

"I thought I'd buy the book first."

"Nonsense! we can't bother going back and forth to stores; can we, Tom?"

"Oh! when girls go a-shopping, they can't be expected to hurry as we boys do," replied the more agreeable Tom.

At "Reade and Learned's" Tenah showed the same disinclination to purchase. She moved restlessly from counter to counter, and did not even ask to look at her favorite book.

Thoughts were chasing one another in a strange medley through her mind, — something like these:

"*I* can't be expected to help pay papa's debts. He would n't want me to. Would say 't was absurd. Mamma, too. She gave up her own things so I could be happy. Think, then, of her touching *my* ten dollars! I'd cut a pretty figure, to be sure, going like those awfully good girls and saying, 'Papa and Mamma, I've learned, most accidentally, of your troubles; accept this!' then throwing my money into papa's lap, and all the family dropping into tears! It' s ridiculous. Besides, papa 'll come out of it some way, of course! They *want* me to have my things — yet I've had *so much!*"

Here Tenah made a rush for the street door.

"What, no book? That 's too much!" Thode cried.

"Just drive me around to Sherwood's apothecary store, Tom, please," said Tenah, "and — and — and I 'll get my things another time — perhaps."

"What's up?" queried Tom in wonder.

"Just an errand — for papa!"

Tenah had recalled that her father had mentioned a bill of ten dollars at the druggist's for medicine used when Thode and she were last ill.

In the store, her heart fluttered not a little. She was really going to do this quite unusual thing.

"Mr. Sherwood," she said to that gentleman, "I did not bring your bill against my father, of ten dollars, but I have the money here for you! you can give me another bill, receipted, can't you?"

"Certainly, certainly," said the druggist, adjusting the spectacles that would get awry on his lean nose. Then he added a remark in approval of young ladies' learning to do business, which made Tenah's face glow rosily.

"It *is* goody-goody," whispered she to herself, as she started to go. "It 's precisely like the very *goodiest* one I read — in that book mother kept of those she had when a little girl,— so much worse than ours! I 'm glad we don't have the sort written for *us*. Let 's see, how did the lines go? Such poetry!

> "'For Abba I've purchased a bonnet and dress,
> Very plain, my dear Abba, I promptly confess,
> But as good as my limited means could afford,
> So now you can go to the house of the Lord!'

What will mamma say, I wonder?"

The rapid drive home soon decided. Tenah went at once to her mother's room, and placing the receipt in her lap, told her in a very simple manner what she had heard and what she had done.

Her mother did not seem at all surprised. She said, with a smile: "This is very lovely of you, dear. When I saw the storm-closet door was open, I was afraid you had heard what we were saying. I knew in that case you would wish to give up your book and skates. I would rather you had not heard, dear; but I am very grateful for your beautiful sacrifice. Some day it will be a sweeter memory to you than you imagine."

So, with her mother's kiss upon her cheek, Tenah returned to her "Age of Fable." And there was a glow at her heart all day because of what she had done.

But the odd part of it was, girls, there did n't come an unexpected legacy, or something of the sort, to make up to Tenah her precious ten dollars.

## History and Biography.

### "THE GREAT ENCHANTER."

BY MRS. L. KEENE.

One summer, more than a hundred years ago, a little boy was born in the great city of Edinburgh who was destined to become a great poet and story-teller. He was a small, delicate child, and lame withal. When a mere baby of three years, he was sent for his health to his grandfather's farm in an old Scottish town. Right in sight was a quaint old tower, named Smailholm; also the Hill of Eildon, and the noted Dryburgh Abbey, — all romantic enough to fill a boy's mind which had already been prepared by the weird songs which, from his birth, his mother had sung to him. Young as he was, it is told that he knew by heart many an old ballad, that one hearing was enough to fix in his memory. Once he sang one of them out so loudly in the village church that he quite drowned the voice of the minister. In other ways he was no remarkable scholar.

The day when, a lad of thirteen, he found an old brown book, called "Percy's Reliques," and read it, snuggled down under a great tree in grandfather's garden, was a kind of birthday to Walter Scott; dinner, home, everything else was forgotten in that new world. Added to his inborn gift, that book had a good deal to do in making him a poet. One time after this he fell sick, and was forbidden to speak. Here again he found pastime in books of the old poets and historians, making his own illustrations by setting little stones in line, or moving them here and there according to the situations in the tale. When at last he became strong, he took long walks into the wild country places, — "raids," he called them, and well he might, for in them he gathered much for his future stories and poems, in which he made country life, labor, and even poverty beautiful under his magic touch.

By and by he collected many old ballads into a book which people read with delight. When the right time came, he burst forth into a wonderful song of his own, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." It took all hearts at once. Another soon followed, "Marmion," called his great poem; then his "Lady of the Lake," a long poem, full of little pictures of scenery. Now he began to grow rich and famous; built himself a kind of castle (called a "romance in brick and lime"). Here he was the knight of knights, his castle open to all who would come. He entertained princes and poets, charming all with his wit, courtesy, and generosity.

We cannot help wishing he might have finished this happy dream happily; but for reasons we have not time to tell, he fell into debt and great sorrow, which presently brought him into sickness of body. All these things, as far as possible, he kept within himself, and went bravely to work, writing his great historical novels, which might have paid the dreadful debt, had strength remained. They *have* made him a deathless name and a loving place in thousands of hearts. Struggling in his work like the hero which he was, he at last sank down. A sojourn by the sea was tried, in hope of regaining health, but he pined for Scotland and home. Thither his friends carried him; and there, one September afternoon, so still that the sound of his beloved Tweed fell on his ear, with all his dear ones kneeling about him, the worn and weary poet breathed his life away.

## Our Letter-Box.

On opening our Letter-Box we find a letter sent, in care of Every Other Sunday, to "Aunt Lucy." We happen to know "Aunt Lucy," and to know that she considers herself "aunt" to all little boys, whatever may be their names; and we are very sure she will be pleased to see this letter from Waldo. He has learned the difference between "eyes and no eyes." We should like to have him write to Every Other Sunday sometime to tell us something more that his bright eyes have discovered.

Dear Aunt Lucy, — I am going to write a letter to you, and perhaps Every Other Sunday will print it. I live on the sea-shore where there are no mountains, but the great ocean to look at, and lots of boys to play with. We have good fun going in wading and swimming. At low tide we can dig clams. I think you would like to watch the barnacles throw out their hairlike fingers for their food. They throw them out as a loop just as a hunter throws his lasso to catch wild horses. One day I was watching them; a great big snail-shell came slowly towards me. I picked it up, and to my surprise out came the feet of a hermit crab. I tossed it ashore, and after a while pulled the crab out. It fitted the shell very closely. And once I was cleaning a fish, and in the stomach of it I found a perfect little crab, about as large as a nickel. I know what that fish had for his dinner.

The other day I went out to see the pockets. It is a large net sunk in the harbor to keep fish in for sale. I could see the fish swimming about and trying to get out of their prison.

If this letter pleases you I have a good deal more to say, but I will see first how you like this.

Waldo, 12 years old.

Martha's Vineyard.

We were very glad to find in our Letter-Box a letter from a little girl. We had begun to think that only the boys read Every Other Sunday, or else that they are the only children who knew how to write; that would be dreadful. When we first read Minna's letter we thought she was the most favored girl we had ever heard of, and that there was nothing a little girl could want which she did not have. But on reading her letter over again, we found it was not so, for she does not say anything about any little brothers or sisters, and we suspect she has only Skip to play with. Will not Minna tell us if the barn and the thirteen dollies and Skip seem as nice to her as would a real live little sister all her own? We are almost inclined to pity Minna, after all, but we are glad she has so many blessings, and that she finds her home so pleasant.

Dear Mr. Editor, — My home is in Groton, Mass. It is very pleasant. I have a dog. It is a water-spaniel. He is brown and white. His name is Skip. In winter he draws me on my sled. I have some chickens and a few hens. My chickens are very tame. We have a garden and a flower garden. I have a tricycle; I like to ride it very much. I have a nice place to coast in winter. I have many dolls. I have a wax doll, and then I have many playthings. I have a little barn, and it has playhorses and cows and pigs. There is a little cart and a little pump and pail. I have a dollie's bed and a cradle. I have a little stove and a table, and I have got a little bath-tub for my dollies. I have a small trunk for my dollies' dresses. At one time I had thirteen dollies.

Minna M., 9 years old.

Here is a letter that belongs entirely to Every Other Sunday and its readers. What a nice goat Vic must be! We want also to say what nice boys Charley and Henry must be, for we are quite sure they never could have trained Vic to play at circus, and jump through a screen, if they had not been kind to her.

Dear Editor, — Charley and I have got a goat, a little cart, a dump-cart, and a little sleigh for her to draw; her name is Vic. She likes to eat bran and oats, and steals it once in a while. She likes apples also. Vic is very fond of going into the garden and eating leaves and plants. She ran away with the dump-cart and broke one wheel. Vic stays in the yard about all the time. We all like her very well; she is the best pet we ever had. She likes to take roses off Auntie's dress when they are in bloom. Often she hides upstairs in the barn or in the shed. We had a circus yesterday, and Vic jumped through a hole in a screen, two feet from the ground, several times. She had a cap on her head and a big flag for a blanket.

Henry H. H., 10 years old.

Burlington, Vt.

### ENIGMA OF THIRTY-FIVE LETTERS.

My 1, 22, 14, 22, 30, 32, 15, 22, 31, 6, 4, 13, a noted American writer, born 1825.

My 1, 31, 13, 4, 23, a brilliant English poet.

My 16, 22, 3, 35, 2, 6, a famous German musician.

My 16, 18, 19, 17, a distinguished French writer, who has recently died.

My 1, 4, 9, 16, 10, 18, 13, a celebrated French artist, who excels in painting animals.

My 19, 17, 7, 21, 20, 27, The German Shakespeare.

My 29, 28, 33, 6, 31, 26, a man whose diary the lover of English history consults.

My 5, 34, 13, 3, 8, 3, 25, an Italian architect and sculptor, born 1598.

My 24, 22, 11, 31, inventor of the safety-lamp.

My whole a good motto for all to follow; taken from Longfellow's "Golden Legend."

For *Bible Questions* see page 14.

Answers to Enigmas and Questions in No. 1 will be given in No. 3.

## For Youngest Readers.

### NIMBLEPIN'S BUNKER HILL.

BY LUCY WHEELOCK.

Nimblepin was not her real name, of course; but she had been called so for such a long time that almost everybody had forgotten what her real name was, and it is not of the slightest consequence to us. Her father first gave her the name of Nimblepin, because she had such a very frisky way of skipping about the house. One minute she was in the dining-room, and the next, before you could say "Jack Robinson," she was half way up stairs.

She went to school and brought home a "Good" every day, as all little girls do; like all other little girls, she was not a bit sorry when the time came to go into the country.

When the "country" happens to be the seashore, and when one can play in the sand all day long, and has an auntie who knows how to play everything, and can find the best razor-shells for salt-spoons and the whitest clam-shells for soap-dishes, and besides all this can cut out the loveliest paper-furniture on rainy days, — when all this comes together to any little girl, of course it must make a perfect paradise.

Nimblepin had all this and more. She had a grandpa to tell nice stories. He had been telling her about Bunker Hill; how the American soldiers made their earth-works in the night, and how the long lines of British soldiers in gay uniforms came marching up to them the next day. When she went out to play on the beach that day she thought she would like to make a picture of it in the sand. Auntie agreed to help; and they set to work to heap up the biggest sand-hill anybody had ever seen. Nimblepin dug up pailful after pailful of sand and poured it on the top, and Auntie packed it down. At last the hill was done, and they began to make a wall of wet sand around it for the fortifications. Nimblepin had to run back and forth many times between the fort and the water's edge, filling her little red pail with water to moisten the slippery sand. Anybody who has ever tried to make a sand-wall knows just how difficult it was to make the sand stay in place.

"It is n't quite as high as it ought to be, Auntie; but if we put little wee pebbles for the soldiers hiding behind, maybe it will do," said Nimblepin at last. She filled her pail this time with the prettiest white stones she could find, and Auntie hid them all nicely behind the wall.

There was nothing more to do but to find ever so many razor-shells to stick in the sand for British soldiers.

"Here 's General Howe," called Nimblepin, as she placed an uncommonly large one at the head of the line.

"Oh, Auntie!" she cried again, "the tide 's coming in! See, that big splash came almost up to the fort! Do let 's hurry!"

She scrambled over the beach picking up the long shells as fast as her bright eyes spied them, and Auntie set them up. But the sea worked on, too; every wave broke nearer the little fortification, and Auntie's face was wet with spray: but she did not give up.

"Here comes a tremendous one," cried the little girl; "get out of the way, quick, Auntie!"

Auntie was not so spry as Nimblepin, and she did not have time to jump up and run away; so she just rolled over and over on the sand as fast as she could, to get out of reach of the water. Nimblepin skipped away, but not in time to escape a good shower-bath from the flying spray.

With a loud roar of triumph the water rolled back, leaving the beach smooth and bare.

Alas! Bunker Hill had gone, and the British soldiers too.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

## Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

### A QUEER SHIP.

BY UNCLE HARRY.

One afternoon last summer, I was walking along the beach with Charlie and Louise, when suddenly Charlie cried out,—

"Oh, Uncle Harry, what is that?"—pointing at a bright colored object which the retreating tide had just left on the shore.

"Why," I said, "it must be some kind of jelly-fish; be careful how you take it up, for it might sting you."

Charlie managed with a piece of board to quickly transfer the beautiful creature to a pail filled with salt water which I happened to be carrying along. Soon we were able to look at it as its crested sac floated in the pail, with the long streamers waving in the water.

This float looked like a soap-bubble that had been flattened at both ends; only its red and purple colors were brighter than the rainbow hues that the soap-bubble takes on. The little crest above the sac was even more beautiful in color. "It's like a little ship, Uncle," cried Louise. "Yes," said Charlie, "and the crest on the float is a kind of topsail." "The little creature," I remarked, "does indeed look like a tiny ship. It is sometimes called the Portuguese man-of-war. Like the sea-nautilus, it carries its sail on its back."

"But, Uncle," asked Louise, "what are those curious streamers for that I see in the water, that look so much like threads of worsted?"

"Those streamers and the float above," I replied, "make a strange sort of community. At first there is only the sac or float with a fringe of hair-like tentacles on the under side. As these tentacles grow downward, some of them take on a different shape from the others. If you should look at them very carefully you would see that some parts of the 'threads' are shaped like little bells. You may call these, if you choose, the oars of the living ship."

"I don't think they look a bit like oars, Uncle," said Charlie, who had been examining one of the threads.

"No, Charlie," I answered, "they are not at all like oars in appearance; but they help to push the 'ship' along, and so they serve the same purpose as oars."

"But, Uncle Harry," cried Louise, "*how* do they push it along?"

"That is the wonderful thing, children," I replied. "These bell-shaped *medusae* (as scientific men call them) contract and expand, first taking in the water and then throwing it out, and in this way they make the whole 'ship,' or community, move along."

"But what do you mean, Uncle, by the community?" said Charlie.

"Why, children, I am trying to make you understand that this beautiful jelly-fish before us is not a single creature, but consists of a very large number of little creatures that live and work together in a single community.

"Each of these thread-like tentacles is made up of numerous *medusae* and *hydrae*. Some of these are bell-shaped, as I have just explained, and give motion to the whole community. Others are called 'feeders' and do the eating and drinking for all the rest."

"How jolly!" exclaimed Louise; "I think I should like to be a medusa-feeder."

"Then others of the *hydrae*—and by the *hydrae* and *medusae* I mean the individual members of this odd community—are like the hens in a poultry-yard. They lay the eggs from which the future *hydrae* will be hatched. And then there are some *hydrae* that seem to be like the drones in a bee-hive, and do nothing for their companions."

"Why," said Charlie, "it is just like a community of human beings."

"Yes, children, the great law of living for others begins to show itself in these lowest forms of animals; but it is only of God's human children that the saying is wholly true, that 'We are all members one of another.'"

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

6. The woman of Samaria said to Jesus (John iv. 20), "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain." To what mountain did she refer?

7. Name *six* of the other mountains of Palestine.

8. What children and young people are spoken of in the Gospels?

9. What "wonders" are recorded in the Gospels as having been performed in Capernaum?

10. What was Capernaum familiarly called in the Gospels?

### SCOTT'S STORIES AND POEMS.

In the column of *Biography and History* in this number of our paper, the reader will find an interesting sketch of Walter Scott. The lady who contributed that article sends us also a short notice of some of Scott's writings, which we hope our young readers will profit by. She says:—

"Of Scott's many stories and poems we can only mention a few, hoping to excite in the young a desire to see for themselves how good they are. In these days of many books, when so much that is weak, not to say vile, is thrust into their hands, it is a pleasure to recommend these tales of Scott as not only safe, but as fascinating as they are profitable. Some of you say, 'What, read those stories more than fifty years old?' Dear young friends, the best things do not grow old; and poets are born anew with every generation of new readers. 'Old Homer' is not old to college boys and girls; our Shakespeare is not old yet, neither is Walter Scott. He wrote good books out of a good heart; when told by a friend that his noble tales were doing good, especially to the young, his eyes filled with tears of gratitude.

"Now, let the girls read first, 'The Lady of the Lake,' if they have not yet done so. Their mothers, who loved it in their girlhood, will perhaps read it with them and thus recall their youth. Learn by heart some of the best passages and songs. The description of Ellen, for instance, Canto I. 17, 18. 'The Soldier's Rest,' 'Hail to the Chief.' For the sake of both words and rhythm, which are a wonderful echo to the sense, learn the stanzas beginning 'Speed, Malise, speed;' also the parting song, 'The heath this night must be my bed.' I wish the *artists* among the girls would find, and copy with their brushes, some of the exquisite bits of scenery tucked into this poem. And let the singers find that gem of a song standing by itself among his miscellaneous poems, 'Oh hush thee, my babie.'

"The boys will of course turn to 'Marmion,' for the sound of the bugle is in it. Let them get acquainted with its historical characters, especially the handsome and courtly King James; find his portrait painted in almost real colors, Canto V. 9. Learn one or two of the battle scenes, for their vividness; and 'Young Lochinvar' should not be slighted; and for description, nothing can be more picturesque than the two opening stanzas of the poem, on 'Norham Castle.'

"Girls and boys both will wish to read 'Ivanhoe,' it tells of old knights, and tournaments; of Richard the 'Lion-heart,' and best of all of Rebecca, Scott's favorite female character. Do not fail to learn her grand old hymn, beginning, 'When Israel of the Lord beloved.' 'Kenilworth' gives a story of Queen Elizabeth, and pictures in most fascinating words the people about her, their dress and their doings. 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian' is next in my list,—a story of humble life; its joys and sorrows; you will admire the noble Jeannie Deans, a heroine copied from real life. If there is time for just one more, try the 'Talisman,' both the old and young like that; in it you will meet again the 'Lion-heart' and other heroes.

"Now, if our readers will follow out these few hints, giving leisure hours this coming year, to such reading, committing to memory passages which they best enjoy, they will not only be sure of many a happy hour, but of a fund of rich material stored up, not for their own use alone, but for the help and comfort of others.

"There has been a bright young girl in our home recently, whose simple recitation of the poems of Scott and Burns was a feast while we listened, and their memory a comfort still, in busy or lonely hours. Dear boys and girls, go and do likewise."

### THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

[From Jessup's "Women of the Arabs."]

I was coming down the coast from Tripoli, and reached the top of this pass, in the narrowest part, just as a caravan of camels was coming from the opposite direction. I turned back a little, and stood close under the edge of the cliff to let the camels go by. They were loaded with huge canvas sacks of tibn, or cut straw, which hung down on both sides, making it impossible to pass them without stooping very low. Just then I heard a voice behind me, and looking around saw a shepherd coming up the pass with his flock of sheep. He was walking ahead, and they all followed on. I called to him to go back, as the camels were coming over the pass. He said, "Ma ahlaik," or, "Don't trouble yourself," and on he came. When he met the camels, they were in the narrowest part, where a low stone wall ran along the edge of the precipice. He stooped down and stepped upon the narrow wall, calling all the time to his sheep, who followed close upon his heels, walking in single file. He said, "Tahl, tahl!"—"Come, come!"—and then made a shrill, whirring call, which could be heard above the roaring of the waves on the rocks below. It was wonderful to see how closely they followed the shepherd. They did not seem to notice the camels on one side, or the abyss on the other side. Had they left the narrow track, they would either have been trodden down by the heavy-laden camels, or have fallen off into the dark waters below. But they were intent on following their shepherd; they heard his voice, and that was enough. The cameleers were shouting and screaming to their camels to keep them from slipping on these smooth rocks, but the sheep paid no attention to them. They knew the shepherd's voice; they had followed him before through rivers and thickets, among rocks and sands, and he had always led them safely. The waves were dashing and roaring on the rocks below, but they did not fear, for the shepherd was going on before. Had one of those sheep turned aside, he would have lost his footing, and been destroyed, and thrown the whole flock into confusion.

The Lord my Shepherd is;
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep.

## Teachers' Department.

### TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

No subject is of such general interest to Sunday-school teachers as that of the Teachers' Meeting. In a recent number of the "Sunday School Times" the Rev. Dr. Peloubet gives some practical hints on this topic, which we commend to our pastors as well as to the teachers in our schools.

"In the first place," says Dr. Peloubet, "whatever plan may be adopted, we may lay it down as a principle as unchangeable as 'the laws of the Medes and Persians,' that the teachers' meeting, to be successful, must furnish the teachers something worth going for, and which cannot be so well gained, if at all, by private study. Why should we spend the time and trouble, and occupy a whole evening, for what we can gain as well by sitting in our pleasant study, or around the open family-fire?

"Two French proverbs well apply here: 'The goods which please are already half sold.' 'No one has a good market for bad merchandise.'

"There is no use of begging people to come for what they do not want, or to entreat people to gather for warmth around a stove with no fire in it. We must prepare the feast, and then call men to come.

"In the second place, the teachers' meeting must be conducted, not by an address, but by questions and answers as the lesson is to be taught in the class. A mere address is too nearly like a spoken commentary, which one can read at home, and in many cases is likely to suggest Mr. Spurgeon's description of a certain commentator: 'Some men toil not, but they spin; this man both toils and spins.'

"In the third place, a teachers' meeting will not be successful if it is a mere week-night Bible-class, and the members discuss the questions interesting to themselves, but without reference to their work in the class. The whole service should have a direct reference to the short but most important half hour with the scholars. All the rays from the teachers' meeting should be concentrated upon that one focus.

"Premising these things, I wish to suggest some ways in which the teachers' meetings can be made more attractive and popular and useful:

"There may be joined with the study of the lesson some degree of the normal-class study, either at separate times, or as part of the same sessions, or alternately; or the normal-class may occupy the time of the meetings for a few weeks. And under this impulse the regular study of the lesson may continue through the year.

"A good way is to do what we are doing here for a few weeks; that is, take Dr. Trumbull's book on 'Teaching and Teachers' as a text-book, and study and discuss the subjects thoroughly. There are few schools which would not be greatly helped by such a study.

"Another plan is for the teachers to become 'Fireside Pilgrims to the Holy Land,' and go through the study of Palestine as if they were travelling there, learning all they can about the general features, climate, and people, and also about each place, with its past history and present condition. They would have not only a delightful series of meetings, but would gain such a vivid idea of the Holy Land as would make them ever after better teachers. The whole Bible would gain a new interest to them.

"In connection with these things, I believe there might be added great interest and profit by organizing somewhat on the plan of a Shakspeare club of which I have been a member for many years. About twenty-five ladies and gentlemen meet for study. Most of them are busy people; but we so divide up the work that it is no great burden on any. A critic is appointed, whose work holds on during the several evenings we discuss one play. For the next a new critic is chosen. The characters are assigned to the various members, who report on the evening given up to a review of the whole. It is thus arranged so that some one of the company is well prepared on each point. Three or four times a year we have a symposium, when we take supper together and have a social time, but always with a Shakspearean flavor.

"In this simple way, with division of labor, with always something to be learned, with social influences, with the occasional attraction of a feast, a simple society is carried on whose interest never flags, whose numbers are always full.

"Somewhat in this way a teachers' meeting might be carried on, taking for its subject Dr. Trumbull's 'Teaching and Teachers,' or the 'Fireside Pilgrimage to Palestine,' with occasional symposia, and a division of labor, that would be more delightful and profitable even than the evenings with Shakspeare. One of its most essential features must be the division of labor, under one leader, in all places where one with special gifts and much time for preparation cannot be found."

### MR. WINKLEY ON TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

In the Preface to his new Manual, "*Questions concerning the Son of Man*," that veteran Sunday-school worker and experienced teacher of the teachers, Rev. S. H. Winkley, says: —

"What a blessing are teachers' meetings! Once let all the teachers of a Sunday-school form the habit of coming together every week and of faithfully studying the lesson, so that each may go and intelligently carry that portion of the message which he deems most important to his little congregation, and he will wonder how he ever attempted to work without them."

### NOTES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

Lesson Calendar. — No. 3: The Golden Rule of Justice. No. 4: Judge not.

In Rev. Dr. Boardman's "*Studies in the Mountain Instruction*," — a book which may profitably be read in connection with this course of lessons, — the author thus speaks of the *Golden Rule:*

"The emphatic, telling word in this precept is the conjunction '*therefore*.' It is as though Jesus had said, 'Your Father treats you as sons; therefore treat your fellows as brothers; for common fatherhood means common brotherhood.' Then this conjunction, instead of seeming abrupt or inconsequent, is profoundly connective, flooding the Golden Rule with a blaze of light. Your Heavenly Father gives good gifts to the sons who ask him; *therefore*, whatsoever ye, as sons of God, actuated by his Spirit, feeling his love, would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. . . . In fact, the Golden Rule is the criterion of character; our sonhood to God is tested by our brotherhood to man. . . . And not only did Jesus *teach* the Golden Rule, he also practised it in the divinest of ways, loving his neighbor not only as himself, but even more than himself, laying down his own life in very love for his foes. . . . The Golden Rule is the golden key to the Golden Age. In that perfected society — that ideal Commonwealth — which shall yet most surely come, wherein 'all men's good shall be each man's rule,' the lowly lawgiver of the Mount shall himself be enthroned in the heart of humanity, his only sceptre the Golden Rule."

*Self-judgment the best rule for judging others.*

Said a keen observer, of a friend whom he intimately knew, "I have an impression that he is selfish, though I have never known him otherwise than generous." The impression was correct. Only by a long and hard conflict with his besetting sin had this man gained the generosity which was mingled with his selfishness. A clear-sighted moralist asks: "Who is not conscious of some infirmity, some low indulgence, some turn of temper, some form of evil spirit, which does not destroy all grace or goodness, but which he can hardly think of *as adhering to another without its infecting his whole character and tainting him to the core?* We take the vice or the infirmity as a sample of the whole man, knowing that it would not be a just sample in our own case."

### NEWS FROM THE SCHOOLS.

By the time this number of Every Other Sunday reaches its readers, nearly all the Sunday-schools that have been closed for the summer vacation will have resumed their sessions. We hope to receive from time to time such items of Sunday-school news as will be of interest to the readers of our paper.

The "Summer Class in Jewish History," connected with the Third Religious Society of Dorchester, has had a pleasant and profitable session during the vacation Sundays. On the 5th of September the class visited the *Museum of Fine Arts* in Boston, in order to study there the various antiquities in the Egyptian Department which illustrate points in Old Testament history.

The *Congregational S. S. Superintendents' Union*, of Boston and vicinity, held a novel meeting on the evening of September 7. Nearly one hundred Superintendents were present, and for the time being they formed a single Sunday-school, "making believe" that they were the pupils. The addresses, the "general lesson," and the giving of the usual notices were interspersed with questions from the "pupils" and answers from the leader. The whole exercise was delightful and instructive to those who took part in it. In our larger Sunday-schools a similar exercise might occasionally be introduced at the Teachers' Meeting.

### THE ALLEGED "INADEQUACY" OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

"For a knowledge of Holy Scripture, Sunday-school work is inadequate. In place of a comprehensive study of the Bible, there is only a memorizing of passages." So said the orator (one of our most-esteemed Unitarian ministers) who addressed the girl-graduates of Smith College at its last Commencement. But is there not here a misapprehension of the facts of the case? Speaking for Unitarian schools only, we should say, in the first place, that there is not enough "memorizing of Scripture passages." As a rule, only the infant classes commit Bible texts to memory. Yet, storing the youthful mind with the great sayings of the Psalmist and the prophets, of Paul, and more especially of Jesus, is a work that should be continued with the intermediate classes. Recitations of well-chosen Bible verses by the whole school is a most profitable form of "general exercise." If the Sunday-school teacher can give to his pupils "a cup of cold water from the wells of truth, it shall flash back upon them the radiance of God."

That the Sunday-school is not *wholly* "adequate" to its important task is most true. But what other institution of our modern life is not also partially inadequate to its work? Is it the public-school system? Why then do we hear a continuous and emphatic complaint of its methods? Is it the academy, or the college? Whence then the constant and reiterated criticisms of these "higher institutions of learning"? Or is government, municipal, State, or national, adequate to fulfil its complex functions? Concerning each one of these institutions, as also concerning the Sunday-school, the sense of its present inadequacy arises from our growing consciousness of the exalted nature of its ideal. It is because Sunday-school workers are oppressed by a sense of the dignity and importance of the task they have in hand, that they feel, as keenly as any of their critics, the necessity of acquiring and employing the best methods of religious culture. With the trumpet-call to action ringing in their ears, they are eager to get hold of the most potent weapons for their warfare, and to learn how most effectively to use these weapons in the blessed service to which the Master is calling them. If the critics of the Sunday-school would only "come over and help" us to learn how to do what we, as well as they, can see should be done, the inadequacy complained of would give place to a fair realization of our common hopes.

## Our Book Table.

Note. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* Unitarian Sunday-School Society, *7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

### Class A.

*Books for Younger Pupils.*

Flaxie Growing Up. By Sophie May. Lee & Shepard. pp. 202. Price, 75 cents.

This last of a series of six, called by Miss May the "Flaxie Frizzle Stories," is a story of quiet home life. Flaxie has reached her thirteenth year, and while a bright, simple child, is beginning to see that "life is earnest," and that she can do her part towards making it brighter. A good book for the Sunday-school Library. L.

### Class B.

*Books for Intermediate Pupils.*

Dean Stanley With The Children. By Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey. Contains five of Dean Stanley's Sermons to Children, with an introduction by Canon Farrar. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. pp. 185. Price, $1.00.

This is a book I cannot praise too much. Mrs. Humphrey's biography covers about half the book, and introduces us most charmingly to the good Dean, who was, through all his life, a child, — such a child as Jesus told us every man must become, who would enter the kingdom of Heaven. She not only gives this interesting biography, but in telling of the Abbey of Westminster, of which Stanley was Dean, she also gives the children some bits of history that will tempt them to further reading. The Dean's sermons are simple, full of anecdote, and cannot fail to be helpful. It is an excellent book to be used in Sunday-school, by those teachers who are accustomed to read to their scholars after the day's lesson. I hope every Sunday-school library will have a copy, and that every Sunday-school scholar will read it. And I wish also that the parents would take it up when it comes into the house; for Dean Stanley has some comforting and helpful words for them. P.

Square and Compasses; or, Building the House. By Oliver Optic. Lee & Shepard. pp. 314. Price, $1.50.

An excellent book. It is full of suggestions for such discipline of boys by their teachers as shall result in excellent self-discipline. The practical information in mechanics will be appreciated by many a boy, and the excitement is of a healthy description. M.

Perseverance Island. By Douglas Frazer. Illustrated. Boston. Lee & Shepard. 1885. pp. 373. Price, $1.50.

This new Robinson Crusoe is a pleasantly told story of a modern sailor who is supposed to have been shipwrecked alone upon Perseverance Island. The products of the wonderful isle are graphically described and the ingenious uses shown to which the modern Crusoe turns the various objects that he finds there. The book gives much useful information, conveyed through the medium of an imaginary narrative.

The Little Folks' Speaker. Compiled by O. Augusta Cheney. New York. Ward & Drummond. pp. 172. Price, 50 cents.

In compiling this book, Mrs. Cheney has done a real kindness to teachers, whether of day or Sunday-schools. They will find in it recitations and songs for all occasions; simple enough, some of them, for the smallest child, and all of a high order. Most of the selections are anonymous, but some well-known names appear. Those for Easter and Childrens' Day are more than usually good, and the temperance pieces are all excellent, which is saying much for a class of literature apt to contain allusions not pleasant to hear from the mouths of children.

Lamps and Paths. By Rev. T. T. Munger. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 231. $1.00. Second edition.

This second edition of Mr. Munger's excellent children's book contains four additional chapters, for older readers. But we wish again to commend the volume to parents and Sunday-school teachers, as a most admirable book to read aloud to children. These ten story-sermons are full of valuable lessons most delightfully told by one who not only has something to say to young minds, but knows how to clothe his thought in simple and attractive speech.

### Class C.

*Books for Teachers, and Members of Adult Classes.*

The Bible the Sunday-school Text-Book. By A. Holborn, M. A. Congregational Publishing House. Boston, 1855. pp. 141. Price, 75 cents.

This volume is especially intended for those Sunday-school teachers whose pupils study the International lessons on the Bible. As a book of Biblical criticism, the Unitarian Sunday-school teacher would find it unsatisfactory. But many chapters of the book are of practical value, giving in a condensed form much information concerning the forming of the canon, the language and style of Scripture, and of the teaching process as exemplified in the Bible. It should have a place by the side of Trumbull's "Teachers and Teaching" in the reference libraries of our schools.


## FOR HARVEST SUNDAY.

The Unitarian Sunday-school Society

Has just issued for Harvest Sunday:

1. Harvest Home: *A Sunday-school Exercise*, with Recitations, etc., in verse. By Miss Kate L. Brown. Excellent for a Sunday-school Concert. Price, 5 cts. per copy.

2. A Harvest Service. Reprinted from the new Sunday-School Service Book. Five pages of Service with Responsive Music, etc., and three Carols and Songs from the new Hymnal. Price, 3 cts. per copy; $2.50 per hundred.

## EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

Will be published once a fortnight during the Sunday-school year, from September to August, — twenty-three numbers to the yearly volume.

The uniform subscription price will be *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their school.

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No. I., Lessons I.–X., with Review, is now ready.

**Questions Concerning the Son of Man.** By Rev. S. H. Winkley. Paper, 25 cts.

**Lessons on the Life of Saint Paul.** By Rev. E. H. Hall. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, 35 cts., or $4.00 per dozen.

### III. FOR ADULT OR BIBLE CLASSES.

**Outlines of Christian History.** By Rev. Joseph H. Allen. Cloth, 50 cts; per dozen, $6.00. Large-margin copies, for teachers, $1.00.

**The Bible for Beginners. The Old Testament.** By Rev. John Page Hopps. Second edition. pp. 275. Cloth. $1.00.

*Just Published:*

**A Common-sense View of the Books of the Old Testament.** By Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins, D.D. pp. 328. Cloth, $1.50.

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University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.